

The Third Generation

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Summary: Mum kept saying my life was going to change now that I had "become a woman". I didn't realize how right she was till they made me swim fifty meters out.

The Third Generation

****You probably don't need to read The Reunion or last chapter of Peaceful Waters. The only thing you would figure out are the names and which kids go to which girl. No Bella though.****

****Disclaimer: I don't own H2O: Just Add Water****

* * *

><p>I watched the waves crash and roll onto the shore as the wind whipped my red hair all over. They weren't towering waves, but Mum was still anxious. She and Dad were standing beside me, looking out at the waves. My grandparents were here too, along with Mum's best friends and Grandmum's best friends. They were all looking out at the water with a mix of anxiousness and excitement written on their faces, and all because I had "become a woman" today, as Mum had embarrassingly put it.<p>

She had noticed that sticky red liquid trailing down my legs when I was about to go meet my friends at the mall earlier today. Before I could react, Mum had pulled me back through the doorway and up the stairs into her bathroom. She handed me something soft, a square decorated in green flowers, and called for Dad to bring my bathing suit. Dad came in just as I was turning the faucet on in the bathtub. They both screamed, "No!" as Mum pulled me away and Dad turned the water off.

"What's the big deal?" I had said. "I want to clean myself off." Mum sighed and dad left, closing the door behind him.

"We have a special way of celebrating this event in the family," Mum

had said, taking a damp washcloth and wiping my legs before quickly taking a dry washcloth and drying them off. "My little girl is becoming a woman. Your life is about to change so much." She started crying then, and I wasn't sure why. I had to take a health class last year. This wasn't a big deal. From what I had heard from my friends who already got it, it was more a nuisance than anything else.

Then I had to change into my bathing suit for a spontaneous trip to the beach. My sister and brother stayed home with my uncle. When we arrived at the beach, everyone else was already there, and I had to cancel my trip to the mall.

"Oh, I am so nervous," my mum said. "What if nothing happens?"

"Then nothing happens and she gets a little bit of exercise for the day," Dad answered.

"Why do I have to be out here?" I asked, turning to Mum. My mum turned to me and smiled. Her curly blond hair blew into her face and my dad brushed it to the side. I think we both envied Dad's short brown hair at the moment. It wasn't blowing in his face like ours was, and it didn't clash horribly with pink like mine did.

"It's tradition," Mum said, making my grandpa smirk.

"If we were going with tradition you'd be in your bathtub back at home," he said, earning him a glare from Mum and Grandmum.

"I like this tradition Veronica," Grandmum said as she made her way to the water. I watched as she closed her eyes and let the waves wash over her bare feet. I saw her whispering and Grandpop sighed. He walked up to her, whispered in her ear and guided her back to the group. Her friends gave her a big hug when she finally came back to us.

"All you have to do is swim about fifty meters out," Mum said, pointing out at the water. I was about to protest until I saw the look in her eyes. She was anxious, really anxious. I sighed and figured it wasn't going to hurt me to do this to her. Although the pains in my stomach were begging me to just stand still and not move.

"Okay," I finally said. "And I swim back when I'm done."

"You can swim back if you want," Mum said.

"Or you can stay out there and keep swimming," Mum's friend Riley said. She winked at Mum, making her roll her eyes and push her away. Seemed like Mum was too anxious to deal with whatever crazy stuff was spewing out of her best friend's mouth. It didn't matter to me. I knew I was going to swim straight back. Swimming one hundred meters would be a piece of cake. I've been swimming since before I could walk. I was just about to run towards the water when Riley pulled me back.

"Not so fast kiddo," Riley said. "There are a few rules."

"Only use dolphin kick," Mum's other friend Daisy said. I sighed. Dolphin kick was going to be harder but not impossible.

"And when you run into the water," Mum said, "keep your feet high so the waves don't push you back. Start counting to ten as well."

"Make sure to dive under the waves before you make it to ten," Grandmum said, "and never stop swimming, no matter what." I nodded that understood and turned to look at the ocean. I took a deep breath and ran towards the crashing waves. My feet hit the water and I started to count.

One, two, I kept my feet high as jogged through the waves, _three, four, five, six,_ I was still in shallow water, _seven, eight,_ I can see the dark blue water ahead of me and I decide to dive under the waves, _nine,_ I put my legs together and started to kick, _ten_.

I came up for breath at what I hoped was the twenty-five meter mark. I turned to look back at the beach and I was at least seventy-five meters away from shore. I had been swimming for five seconds at the most. I was a fast swimmer, but not that fast. I saw Mum, Daisy, Riley, and Riley's sister Haleigh running into the water. One of Grandmum's friend's ran towards the water too. I started to tread water as I wondered how I had gotten so far out. I looked down to watch out for sharks when I was stopped in my tracks. My tan legs had been transformed into a tan fish tail, with a matching bikini top replacing my green bathing suit top. My mum and Riley chose that moment to pop out of the water, the others not far behind.

"Maybe it would have been better to let her figure out in the bathtub," Riley said when she saw my shocked face.

"Oh sweetheart," Mum said, coming over to hug me. She too had a fish tail and matching bikini top. All of them did, even Grandmum's friend.

"What's going on?" I asked. "What's happening to me?"

"You're a mermaid kiddo," Riley said. My eyes widened.

"The first mermaid of the third generation," Haleigh said. "Julia shouldn't be too far behind you."

"My daughter better not be the last to change like I was," Riley said. "Haleigh doesn't count Mum," she added, looking to Grandmum's friend.

"You were just a late bloomer," Grandmum's friend said. "There's nothing wrong with that."

"You probably have a lot of questions," Mum said. She was definitely right about that. Why was I a mermaid? Why were _they_ mermaids? Why did I suddenly turn into a mermaid _today_? Why did Mum never tell me she was a mermaid?

I was about to start yelling at them. I was so angry at all the secrets they've been keeping from me, and apparently Julia, and most likely Daisy's daughter Louise as well. I was about to tell them _exactly_ what I thought about all this when I remembered what Grandmum had told me.

Never stop swimming, no matter what.

I looked down at my tail, my _mermaid_ tail and smiled. Who could say that they were a mermaid, or were a part of a whole line of mermaids? I looked up and saw that all the other mermaids were smiling too.

"The coral reefs around Mako are beautiful," Daisy said. "I'd go there first."

"Dolphins love to race," Riley said. "Don't let them win though."

"Be careful Gracie," Mum said, kissing my head then swimming away from me. "You're going to have so much fun." I took a deep breath and dived under the water. A couple of kicks later and I was swimming faster than I had ever swum before. Mum was right.

My life really did change when I "became a woman".

* * *

><p>So I got the idea when I was swimming yesterday.**The waves were big and I was trying to do that running and jumping over them thing they do in the show and I guess my legs weren't long enough and the waves were too big but still. Then I thought about how the girls would teach their daughters how to do it and then how their daughters would teach their daughters and so on. Review. The ending kind of fell flat, I know.**

**Riley and
Haleigh-Rikki**

Daisy-Emma

Veronica-Cleo

**Avatar Rikki**

End
file.